

ADULTS ONLY • NUMBER FIVE • \$7.00



JOHN SAVAGE'S *Notebook*

FOR AND BY
"LOVE BONDAGERS" ONLY



**ALL NEW PHOTOGRAPHS AND A SPECIAL
"BLAST FROM THE PAST" FROM THE
BONDAGE MASTER – PLUS WELL-WRITTEN BONDAGE
FICTION AND FACT**

ALL MODELS ARE 18 YEARS OR OLDER. FOR SALE TO ADULTS ONLY.

JOHN SAVAGE'S

Notebook

NUMBER FIVE



JOHN SAVAGE'S NOTEBOOK NUMBER FIVE, SEPTEMBER 1985

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EDITORIAL

Feedback

I get mail expressing many different opinions on many different aspects of the bondage field. There are those who favor gags over no gags. There are the leg lovers and the breast lovers. There are those who prefer nudes and those who want the girls dressed in everyday street clothes. High heels vs. bare feet, ropes vs. leather cuffs, etc. But one thing that everyone seems to express an opinion on is which model or models they like. Everyone has his favorite.

As I mentioned in the last editorial, Stella has been the greatest vote-getter. Unfortunately I also had to mention that she is no longer available for modeling. Other models that seem to get a good many votes are Heather and Monique. Monique has always been one of my favorites because she's so easy to work with, a very pretty woman, and easily the most dependable model I've ever used. The fact that she can stay with her elbows tied touching behind her back all day helps, too.

By the way, all you Stella fans, take note. Before Stella moved I had the pleasure of shooting some videotape of her struggling against tight ropes. There is over an hour of tape and we are in the process of creating a video of it. I know there are some of you out there who will be very happy to hear that this tape should be available soon. About every other letter where the writer says how much he loves Stella also includes a plea that I make a video of her. And I'll have to agree, she looks great in still photos, but much greater in dynamic, wiggling, straining, helpless motion. If I can include them in time, there'll be a couple of photos from that video in this issue. If not, you can still see some stills from it on page 5 of John Savage's Notebook, Number Two.

But one girl who may give them a run for their money is the cover girl from our last issue, Barbara Lowell. There are some nice color shots of Barbara in that issue that have drawn many compliments. And I have to agree, there is something about her looks, that wild hair, that magnificent body, that makes you feel that you've just captured a wild animal. And it will be a hell of a lot of fun taming her!

I'll admit I like the photo of her on the cover. It certainly comes across with impact. Even with what looks like a faint sneer on her face. It looks as if she's saying, "You may have my body, but that's all." My reply is, "Barbara, I'll take it!"

Hang in there, aficionados, perhaps you'll get to see Barbara Lowell again in future issues. Actually, you'll get to see her sooner than that, in this issue even. Seems I had shot some photos of her that didn't get in the last issue. But maybe she'll return someday to grace these humble pages with that magnificent bound body.

While we're talking about the last issue, let me apologize for two things. First is that, while I was asking for input on what you would like in the Bondage Techniques articles and for your suggestions on new bondage positions you would like to see, the mailing address was inadvertently left off the editorial. It will be included this time.

One other point that several readers noted and wrote to me about was the signature following the editorial. Quite simply, it is not mine. Since I've made a practice of signing all of my work

that I can, readers have gotten used to my signature. In this case the man who sets up the magazine just lost the sample signature and had to add it as best he could. It is a minor point, I agree, but bondage people are very technical and love to point out things such as that.

Let me quote in part from a couple of letters that I've received as a means of answering the questions they and others have asked:

... and I enjoy the color photos because they're clearer and sharper than those in most bondage magazines. Why are yours so much better?

*R.N.
New York*

The answer to that is that I use a different type of camera and film than most other bondage photographers. Bondage photography is not the glamour field of high fashion. Most of us shooting for bondage magazines don't have fancy studios or expensive cameras and lighting. We shoot where we can and do the best we can with limited tools. But one difference is that I use 120 film and camera instead of 35mm. That makes a big difference on the blow-ups because the negative is 2 1/4 x 2 1/4 inches instead of 35mm x 24mm (about 1 3/8 x 15/16 inches). The much larger negative means that you get a much cleaner print when you blow up to a full size page. There is considerably less loss of definition - a less grainy appearance.

From another letter:

I like the bondage shown on, I think, Monique, the girl wearing the pink bikini and tied with her arms pulled up on her back. Could you show how to do that tie? I tried it a couple of times on my Cindy but couldn't get it right.

*Bill P.
Chicago*

In answer to yours and other similar requests, this issue's Bondage Techniques article is on how to tie the shoulder harness. As I said in my last issue, I do appreciate hearing what you would like to see in the Bondage Techniques articles.

In this issue you'll meet a very nice girl named Danielle. There is also a short story about a guy who tried to please his wife by going to a Halloween Costume Ball dressed as a girl and has a bondage adventure more exciting than either of them planned on. And, of course, more photos of beautiful girls tied the way you like them - tight.

Happy Bondage,

John Savage

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BLACK NEGLIGEE AND WOODEN BAR

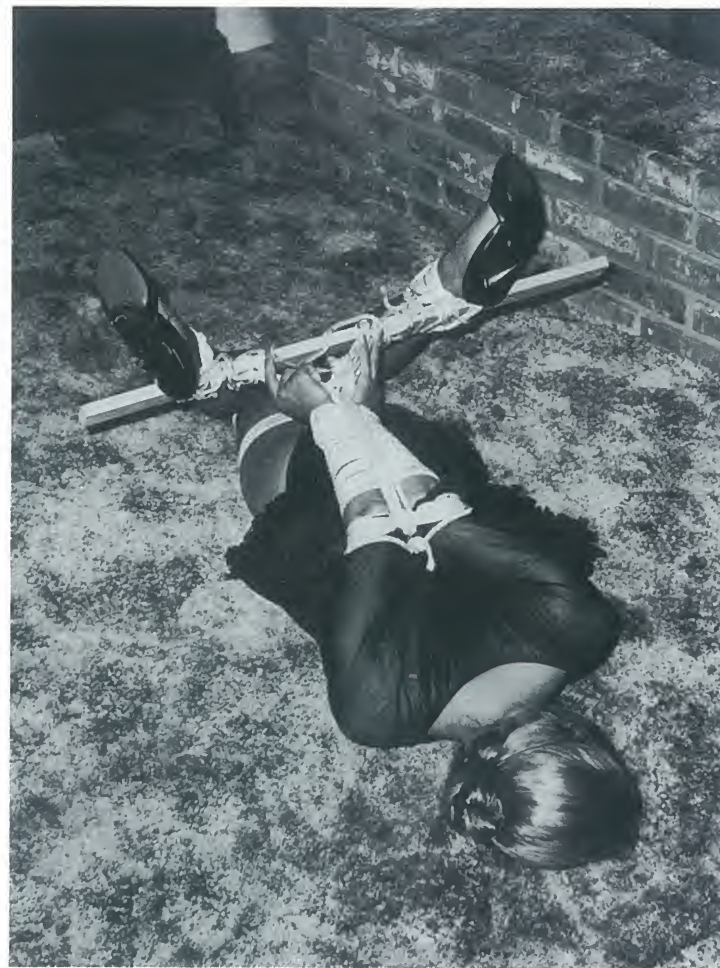
This small set of photos shows you what happens when a girl asks the Savage a simple question like, "What's that board with the ring for?"

Many things, my dear, I replied. And, before she could present an additional interrogative, she was bound up and laying on the floor while I explained that one use is to spread a girl's legs and hold them spread. For modesty's sake, I made sure her upper legs were well tied together. And to make sure she had time to consider the marvelous uses of such a piece of wood, I left her in this funny hogtie while I developed some rolls of film.

Actually, Monique admitted that she liked this strange hogtie, that it wasn't uncomfortable at all and that that "damned board" prevented her from rolling onto her side. Of course, you have to remember that Monique is the girl who specialized in remaining with her elbows bound together behind her back for days on end (or so it seems).

Now, there are some who might say that I overdid the bondage a bit if I was just showing her one way that board could be used. But have you ever known the Savage to use one rope when two would do as well? After all, I didn't have to wrap her arms all the way from wrist to above the elbows. Sure, I didn't have to, but what's life for if you can't enjoy wrapping a girl now and then?

By the way, that loose end right between her fingers is not the final knot. It is a small piece of loose end on the beginning loop of one of the ropes. The final knot is located on top of the board next to her left ankle. I didn't want you to think I left the final knot where her fingers could find it. After all, I have a reputation to think of.



MISTAKES HAPPEN

As much as I hate to admit it, the Savage does make mistakes. Sometimes. Occasionally. Well, hardly ever. But I did make one a few months ago when I was shooting for the last issue. I went to shoot again about a month later and found a roll of film in the camera. Upon development it proved to be of Barbara Lowell, the star of the last issue.

That issue had already gone to the printer, so here they are, Barbara in a couple of bondage positions that show her wonderful body off very well. Enjoy.





HALLOWEEN PARTY

Fred felt silly. Yet there was a little tingle of excitement, born, no doubt, of the thrill of doing something you shouldn't, something "wicked."

Lynn disappeared into the bathroom and Fred took his opportunity to pose before the closet mirror. He put his palms flat against the back of his hips, thrust his chest out, and sucked in his stomach. Not that there was much to suck in. The corset made his waist rather narrow to begin with.

The reflected image was startling. Gone was Fred. In his place was a cute girl, wearing a very sexy outfit! Lynn had certainly done a good job at changing the protesting Fred into a girl. He had protested most at shaving his legs, but he had to admit that they looked good under those nylons. At first he didn't like the feeling of nylon against his bare skin. With his protective layer of hair gone, the smooth material rubbed and pressed against his skin. But after the nylons were on, held up by the garter belt that he had also protested loudly, the feeling stopped being so bad. In fact, it became rather interesting.

Every time another article of feminine clothing went on, Fred protested. And every time he was reminded by his lovely young wife that she had to do the same thing every day and he liked the way she looked. He shut up but still managed to grumble under his breath. Especially when the high heels were strapped on and he first stood up.

"How the hell do women walk in these things?" he asked.

"You learn," said Lynn as she tightened up the corset laces. Fred had never been overweight, and now his trim figure was taking on curves where none had been. The corset bra was stuffed, of course, with nylons from Lynn's closet. Fred found the nylon rubbing against his nipples rather tingled, but he said nothing.

He was grateful when she put on the long sleeve shirt. It fit very tight and made his "breasts" stand out very nicely. He wasn't grateful for that part, but for the fact that the long sleeves meant he didn't have to shave his arms. That would have been too much.

"You sure this is a good costume?" he said as she pulled a pair of her frilly black panties up his legs. "Couldn't I go to Nick and Rita's Halloween party as a Nazi general, like last year? Or as a cowboy? That used to be popular when I was a kid."

"Shut up," said Lynn as she pulled up the leather skirt. "You said you wanted something different this year."

"This is different," he muttered as he slowly changed into a woman. "I feel embarrassed."

Lynn didn't answer and Fred just sighed. If he didn't love Lynn so much he would never let her talk him into such ridiculous things.

The wig had been added last and even Fred had to admit that he made a pretty good woman. Lynn had done a good job with the makeup. He wouldn't win any beauty contests but no one would peg him as a male and maybe even a few male heads would turn when he walked by.

While Lynn dressed herself, Fred practiced walking in the heels. By and by he could cross the room without wobbling too badly. But something was teasing the back of his mind. Something about the clothes Lynn picked out.

As Lynn stood before the mirror to adjust the seam of her nylons, the truth suddenly dawned.

"Lynn?"

"Yes."

"You said you were going to make us into sisters, right?"

"Yes."

"What kind of sisters did you mean?" he said, eyeing Lynn's very low cut blouse and the short skirts they both wore.

"Why," Lynn said sweetly, "sisters of the evening."

Before Fred could react, she patted his trim behind, tossed him a purse, and said, "Come on Freddy. The night is young and we working girls have to earn a living."

Fred muttered all the way out to the car but inside he was excited. There was certainly something deliciously wicked about going out in public dressed as a woman. And a hooker, too!

□

"Damn it, Lynn, you haven't answered my question."

Lynn just giggled as Fred pulled their car into a parking space.

"Lynn, I've got to know," he sounded serious. "Which restroom do I use?"

Lynn's giggles turned to laughter.

"Forget it," he muttered. "I'll just worry about that when the time comes."

As he tried to do it, he became aware that there is no way a woman wearing a short skirt can get out of a car without showing a lot of leg. And he had always thought they were just showing off.

As they walked down the dark sidewalk, Fred found more to complain about. "And what am I supposed to do if a guy makes a pass at me? Slap his face?"

Lynn giggled again. "If a girl makes a pass at you," she managed to get out between the giggles, "be sure to call me. Might be interesting to watch."

As they passed a dark blue van parked in front of the house that was their destination, two black-clad figures slipped up behind them. Just as Fred was wondering if it was the high heels or tight corset that made him swing his hips so much, a hand clamped across his mouth and his arm was forced up behind him. A second later he was face down on the carpeted floor of the van, someone sitting on his butt and tying his hands behind him while someone else was shoving something into his mouth. The gag was secured behind his head about the time the first assailant turned and pulled his legs up. The ankles were tied together then tied to his wrists.

Almost before he could realize what was happening, he was helplessly bound in a hogtie. A squealing noise made him turn his head to find Lynn was laying on the other side of the van, getting the same treatment as he had.

There were three of them. All were dressed in black. He could see little else in the dark interior of the van. The overhead light must have been disconnected, for it never came on when the door had been open. Fred could just make out Lynn's figure as the dark shapes made her secure in a hogtie and gag.

One went forward and the other two sat down behind the front seats. The van started. After a few minutes, one of the dark shapes stood and did something to the overhead light. It came on.

Fred's first concern was for Lynn, but she seemed unharmed. Angry to judge from the way she was shaking her head, trying to force the gag out, but unhurt. Then he looked up to find their attackers removing their black hoods.

"Halloween is a great time for costumes," said one as she shook her long black hair free. Her dark eyes and boldly etched features pronounced her of Mediterranean descent – possibly Spanish, Greek or Italian.

The other one was blonde, with blue eyes and a cute turned-up nose. With a light to see by, Fred could see that both were well-built women, judging from the black curves of those form-fitting suits.

The one with black hair leaned closer and smiled. "We are," she said with a wave of her hand to include the other two, "the Midvale Lesbian Bondage Club. Welcome to our annual Halloween orgy. You two are going to be the main attraction."

Fred whined into his gag but Lynn's protest was louder. She seemed to really be trying to scream.

The thought occurred to Fred that everything would be all right as soon as the girls found out that he wasn't really a girl. These lesbians would just lose interest and let them go. Well, him at least. Lynn was as beautiful and well-built as either of these two and definitely all woman. He wondered if Lynn would mind being raped by a gang of girls.

On the other hand, perhaps they weren't confirmed lesbians. Would he mind being raped by a gang of girls?

While contemplating that pleasant thought, he momentarily became unaware of their actions. But a few seconds later the flash of bare skin brought his attention back. Both of the lesbians had removed their sweaters, revealing their dislike of bras in the process.

Oh, my God, thought Fred. Are all lesbians built that good?

The two girls stretched and smiled at each other. The blonde shifted over until she was resting her head against the raven headed girl's chest. For a few long seconds both of them watched their captives. Then, as if obeying a silent clue, they turned their faces towards each other and kissed. Long and slow. Fred could almost see as their tongues explored each other.

Oh, my God, he thought again. What a waste. If only he wasn't all tied up. He moaned as a shiver ran through his body. It was

matched by a louder moan from Lynn. Poor Lynn, he thought. Lesbians won't be interested in me, but poor Lynn will get the full treatment. Whatever that was.

I wonder what they will do to Lynn, he began thinking. At least it's not the same as if a man raped her. She might even enjoy it. Suddenly he shook his head. What was he thinking? This was his wife. He had to do something to prevent these depraved females from getting their hands on her lovely, sexy body.

About ten minutes of hard struggling with no success convinced him that salvation would have to come from another source. He looked up and found both the girls, still embracing, watching him with amusement.

The dark haired girl disengaged herself and came nearer. On her hands and knees she looked deep into his eyes, then Lynn's. Lynn seemed to be pleading but only meaningless whines passed the gag. She lightly ran one long fingernail along the inside of Fred's nylon-clad leg, evoking shivers as she did. She leaned over and kissed his face, just above the gag. Then she nibbled on his ear lobe a bit. He didn't know whether to laugh or cry so he moaned.

She was smiling when she pulled away and turned her attention to Lynn. She rolled Lynn on her side and slid one hand inside the very low neckline of the blouse. The material had been stretched tight when her arms were bound behind her and Fred could see her nipples taut with fear as they pressed against the thin blouse. The intruding hand covered one breast and squeezed.

Lynn's body went rigid. She moaned pitifully into her gag. A few seconds later she shivered all over while her breast was kneaded and the nipple teased.

Poor Lynn! It must be terrible to be helpless while a stranger plays with your body. Fred wanted to shout to the girl to get back over and play with him and leave his poor wife alone.

Just then the van stopped and the driver got out. A few seconds later she returned to drive the van a short distance then turn the motor off. With a sigh, the dark haired girl withdrew her hand from Lynn's blouse.

The back doors were opened and both helpless captives were dumped onto a pile of straw. A single overhead light showed them to be in a barn. There were square wooden posts, horse stalls, straw scattered around and a musty smell. The van was sitting just inside a large wooden door.

While they lay on the floor, the driver came over. She removed her hood and Fred almost gulped. She was blonde, and probably the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Green eyes coldly scanned both the helpless bodies, as if appraising the quality of a side of beef.

The dark haired girl came over and held hands with greeneyes. For a while they both looked down, one smiling, one not. Finally the small blonde came up with an armload of ropes. Without a word they set to work like a well-practiced team.

The rope connecting his feet with his wrists was untied and Fred was raised to his feet. He tried to talk to the girls, to tell them they were making a big mistake, but they ignored him. With a sigh, he gave up. They would find out soon enough.

His ankles were freed but, with three of them and his arms still tied behind him, it was no problem for them to walk him over to one of the posts. While two held his back against the post, the other retied his ankles, this time one on each side of the post. With excellent teamwork they untied his hands and retied them behind the post without his having the slightest chance of escape.

The post was about twelve inches on a side, so it made for a tight fit with his wrists crossed and tied behind. Then greeneyes made a loop of rope around his waist and the post and tightened it down with a jerk. Again and again she wrapped the rope, pushing his back hard against the wood.

It wasn't too comfortable, but it could have been worse. The one

thing Fred was sure of was that he was going nowhere without someone's help. These lesbians really knew what they were doing with the rope.

Once again he tried to tell the girls that he wasn't really one of them but the gag was still effective.

Greeneyes leaned close and softly stroked his thigh while the tip of her tongue licked her lips. Here it comes, he thought. She gets that hand any higher and she's going to discover I am not just one of the girls. She would then if not for that tight leather skirt. Her long fingernails teased his flesh through the nylons and sent tingles along his nerves.

The hand went higher but was stopped short by a call for help from the other lesbians. They were having trouble with Lynn.

Lynn's hands were still bound behind her back but her feet were free and she was trying to do as much damage as she could with the high heels. Fortunately for the Midvale Lesbian Bondage Club, three girls are enough to subdue one bound one and quickly Lynn found herself bound to the next post, facing Fred but tied a little differently.

For one thing her arms were tied behind the post not only at the wrists but at the elbows, too. They couldn't touch behind the large wood post, but they were pulled cruelly toward each other and tied firmly. Another rope cinched her waist against the post. Then they brought out some heavy half inch nylon rope and wrapped it around Lynn from her hips to just below her shoulders, leaving only the breasts unwrapped. They wrapped the rope very tight, pinning the poor girl to the wood.

As Fred watched, he wondered why they were taking so much effort to secure her body to the post but left her legs unbound. And why Lynn was protesting so loudly behind her gag. Those ropes were tight but they couldn't be hurting her as much as she seemed to be fussing. The small blonde had both arms wrapped around Lynn's legs to keep her from kicking out.

Then Fred saw why Lynn had been tied so tightly to the post. Still working like a well-drilled team, they attached a rope loop around each of her ankles and pulled them up each side of the post toward her hands. Lynn's body sagged a bit when her feet came off the ground but didn't slide down the post. Without the extra rope, her body would not have stayed up. There was strain in her face but it didn't look like real pain. Fred guessed that it must be uncomfortable but bearable.

Fred shook his shoulders and twisted his wrists but the ropes held him firm. Now all three of these terrible lesbians were standing around his helpless wife. All three had stripped their shirts off. For a long time, as the girls caught their breath, no one moved or said a thing. Fred's eyes kept moving from one perfect set of breasts to another. Then over to Lynn as she hung on the post.

Her protests had diminished to an occasional whine. She seemed to be resigned to the horrible bondage they had put her in. Now she had a strange glow in her eyes. She too was looking at her captors, as if expecting something.

Greeneyes was the first to move. They had left Lynn's breasts free from the rope covering and it was easy for the large blonde to put a hand on the top of her blouse and rip the flimsy material free. A little tugging and Lynn's breasts were completely free of covering. Fred felt a surge of pride that Lynn's pair was just as firm and nice as any of theirs.

Lynn's eyes were locked with the green one's as she closed in on her prey. Both hands began teasing Lynn's already-hard nipples. Not to be left out, the black haired girl began tearing and pulling on Lynn's skirt and then her panties until her private parts were completely exposed. Without warning the girl attacked her with her tongue.

Lynn's eyes widened suddenly and her whole body went rigid against the ropes. Greeneyes began sucking at Lynn's breasts

and the show was on for real. Both lesbians were working as hard as they could on the helpless girl and the results showed. Lynn was panting behind her ball gag. Her neck and upper chest were flushed red. She would alternately tense her whole body then go limp in her bonds. Uncontrollable tremors shook her body as the expert tongues found their marks.

While Fred stared with disbelief as his wife was driven speedily toward climax, the small blonde was not idle. At first he was unaware of the tingles as she licked his legs but she persisted. She started at an ankle, licking the rope with her tongue. Then she began moving slowly up, teasing his imprisoned flesh through the nylon. Sometimes her tongue moved slowly, other times it darted and tickled. Fred looked down but could see little except part of her head. His padded "breasts" were in the way.

But he could feel. And what he was feeling was driving him crazy. By the time her tongue was working its way slowly up his inner thigh, he was trembling just like his wife. Oh, my God, he thought, no wonder that woman is a lesbian. That tongue is wonderful. He tried to imagine what it could do to a woman but was interrupted constantly by tingling nerves along his legs.

The skirt pulled tight across his hips seemed to impede her progress. She stood up. The top of her head came to just about his nose but she stood up on tiptoes and kissed his cheek. She left a trail of tingling kisses along his neck to just under his ear where her teasing tongue awoke a whole group of nerves. Fred shivered. He knew he shouldn't be enjoying it when a group of lesbian terrorists were one post over, engaged with his wife, but it was impossible not to get turned on by what this little blonde was doing.

She stopped and looked into his eyes for a long time. He couldn't tell what was going through her mind, but part of his body was very sorry that she was a lesbian. He was aching for a roll in the hay with that little blonde. Suddenly the idea hit him that perhaps she had discovered he was a he. What would she do?

"Honey," called the dark haired girl. The blonde reluctantly turned away from Fred. Sometime while he was distracted, both other girls had shed the rest of their clothes. The little blonde was quickly out of hers and joining them in a three-way orgy right there on the straw covered floor. Fred had to shake his head in complete disbelief. That was quite a scene before him.

The three were daisy-chaining like crazy, moaning and wiggling around something fierce. Fred hoped they were enjoying themselves because he was one mass of frustration. His whole body ached to be touching or be touched but the cruel ropes held him tight against the post. Even Lynn was enjoying herself. Or so it seemed. She was still hanging on the post but her eyes were closed. Her body trembled now and then and once suddenly tensed up as if it were trying to arch but was held back by the ropes. Her moans mixed with the others. Fred knew those moans well. Lynn was floating on a cloud of sexual ecstasy. He should know, he had put her there often.

It seemed like hours before the girls, finally exhausted from their lovemaking, rose from the ground, brushed off the straw, and replaced their clothes. Lynn hung, also exhausted, but seemingly contented even in her cruel bondage. Only Fred was aching and unsatisfied.

The girls got in their van and opened the barn door. Just before getting in the van, greeneyes returned to the helpless couple and took off the gags. She turned off the overhead light.

"Perhaps we'll return in the morning," she purred into the darkness. "Enjoy the rest of your Halloween." Then she and the van were gone into the night.

Fred noticed, as the van's headlights swept over Lynn's pulled up legs, that one of her high heels was still on her foot but the other had fallen to the floor.

It was a while before Fred could work the kinks out of his jaw

and speak. "Lynn?" he called into the darkness.
"I'm here. Couldn't you leave me alone? I was falling asleep."
"Asleep! How the hell could you sleep tied to a post like that?"
"Believe me," she answered in a dreamy tone, "I was floating away."

"What are we going to do?" he asked. There was no answer. He knew the mental state she was in. She would be high with the sexual feeling for a long time and that was the only thing in the entire world that she cared about right now.

Just when he thought she had fallen asleep, she spoke again. "I've fallen asleep tied worse." Which didn't make sense to him. As far as he knew, Lynn had never been tied up before.

A long time passed. Fred was uncomfortable but for some strange reason still excited. Such a wonderful show and he couldn't do a thing to get satisfaction. No wonder he was still horny. The tight skirt, sensual nylons and, somehow, even the tight ropes helped keep his body aroused.

Sometime deeper into the night Lynn spoke. "I'm back now." That was what she usually said.

"Can you get your ropes off?" he asked hopefully.

"No way," came the reply. "The girls really know what they're doing."

There were a few seconds silence while Fred frowned.

"Fred?"

"Yes."

"I've got a confession," Lynn said softly.

Fred was beginning to get suspicious but he just listened.

"The girls . . . well, it was . . . I mean . . . Oh, hell! It was all my fault."

Fred was too shocked to reply.

"There really is a Midvale Lesbians Bondage Club. I know . . . I'm a charter member."

"You mean you know those girls?"

"Of course." A pause. "Fred? You know how I go to the Friends of the Library meetings twice a month?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I never joined that group. I really went to meetings of our bondage club."

Fred's jaw was hanging open in the dark. But after a few seconds, he thought it sort of made sense. Lynn had always been interested in the wilder things. But he had never gone along with her suggestions. Yet, after seeing the wonderful bodies on those bondage club members, he understood why she would be attracted to them. Sort of. Well, he was.

"It was just a couple of friends of mine and we used to go out to dinner now and then. One night we got to talking and there were these common interests and . . ."

"Interests like tight ropes and each other?" he interrupted.

"Well . . . yes. I hope you're not mad."

Oddly, he wasn't. The idea came to him that it was partly his fault for not listening to his wife and taking an interest in what interested her.

"We usually meet in this old barn and play our . . . games. We've all gotten quite good with the ropes. But we don't do this to hurt anyone. We know our limits and we are careful."

"You mean that the way you're hanging on that post is comfortable?"

"I didn't say that. Yes, it's uncomfortable. But my circulation is not cut off and won't be. They know my limitations. I'm uncomfortable and will be until morning when they come back. But I don't mind. It's part of the game and I love the game."

Fred wiggled a bit against his ropes and noted how excited his body still was. "I guess I understand. Sort of."

Suddenly there came a dawning, like a burst of sunlight from behind a dark storm cloud.

"You set me up!"

"Of course, Darling," she replied sweetly.

"You tricked me into dressing like a girl. You knew we would never get to the Halloween party. And they knew I wasn't a girl?! You planned all this!"

"Sure, I planned it. I thought it would be fun. The only trouble was that they tricked me. I was supposed to get away while they captured you. Then I was going to rescue you after they left here. You see, they were going to pretend you were a girl. Until it was obvious you weren't. Then they were going to tease you for the longest time . . ."

"You're mean," he said, but there wasn't any anger.

"Well . . . You could punish me when we get home," she said in her most seductive voice. "I have some rope hidden under the bed."

Visions, wonderful, exciting visions began filling Fred's head. Lynn bound tightly to a chair while he tickled her with the feather duster. Lynn hanging upside down from the tree in the back yard, swinging slowly in the warm summer night. Lynn spreadeagled on the bed, wiggling and moaning with delight.

Which reminded him of more immediate needs.

"Lynn, how much longer do you think before they come back?"

"Connie said morning and she'll be firm on that."

"Great. It's just sort of with you tied that way . . . I mean, with your legs pulled apart and just the right height. If I weren't tied to this post, I could . . . Well, you know."

"I know," she sounded sad. "They're nice girls, but a little mean now and then."

"Maybe we could come back some night and. . . Whoa!" Fred stopped in mid-sentence. A minute later, "Lynn? Are you still tied to that post?"

"Of course, I am! You don't think I could ever get out of one of Connie's deluxe bondage jobs, do you? Oh, I'm nicely bound up. I do wish I could put my feet down, though."

"Then someone else is in here."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because someone just unbuttoned my skirt." There followed the sound of panties ripping. "And that someone just uncovered my . . . OH! Someone with a great tongue!"

"Marsha! Let go of my husband! You little sneak! Fred, don't let her do anything to you. She snuck back here. I always knew she wasn't a true lesbian. Is she hurting you, dear?"

"Ah . . . No. Not hurting," he managed to get out.

"Fred, you stop her this instant. That little bitch isn't happy unless she's sucking something. Push her away."

Happily, Fred couldn't obey even if he had wanted to.

The still night air was filled with sucking and moaning, both a man's and a woman's. And occasionally the soft sound of a female body straining against its bonds.

"Fred, you hear me? Don't come. Don't let her push you that far. She likes it too much. Fred, you listening? Fred?!"

It was too late. Fred's long moan proclaimed that.

"Shit!" said Lynn. "Marsha, you just wait until the next club meeting. I'm going to hang you by your thumbs all night! I'm going to hogtie you on a bed of ants. I'm going to tie you on the bed and invite a hundred horny men over. I'm going to tie you up in so much rope they can roll you home. Marsha, you hear me?"

"I think she's gone, Lynn."

"Shit."

"Lynn?" said Fred, shifting his weight a bit, "You really aren't that mad at me just because she, ah . . ."

"No, I'm really not that mad. It's just that . . ."

"What, Lynn?"

"Hell, I wanted to do that to you."

"You'll get your chance later," Fred replied. "There's a few things I'd like to do to you."

"Oh, Fred! I love you too!"



DO IT ON THE GRASS

A lot of you enjoy outdoor bondage photos and, I'll admit, I do, too. There is something about a lovely young thing, ropes tightly encasing her arms and legs, and the fresh air and warm sunshine that makes a wonderful combination. Unfortunately there is no forest nearby and the city park rarely provides the privacy for a bondage photo session. So I rarely get the chance for outdoor photos.

But there is always the back yard. True it's not a primeval wilderness, but the grass is green and there are a few trees around. And I've been known to have bound females laying around both inside and outside my house. In this case, the well-bound female is Monique and she didn't even know she was going to do some bondage sunbathing when she was first tied.

It was a hot summer afternoon, not long ago, when I was shooting some photos of Monique for a friend. Monique was wearing an ounce or two of material that covered very little and was standing in the middle of my den, arms bound behind her with the elbows crushed together, wrists lashed to her waist, a knotted cloth gag tied tightly in her mouth, legs bound at the ankles and knees, as I finished the photo set. She knew the roll of film was finished and her eyebrows went up in question, "What's next?" I didn't answer her but the gleam in my eye must have told her she was in for it because she sighed deeply and rolled her eyes heavenward.

I added a blindfold made from an ace bandage wrapped around her head (so she wouldn't have to see what was coming) and led her hopping outside to a sunny, warm patch of grass. After shooting one photo of her kneeling with her head to the ground, I sat her down on a towel and began changing her bondage. By then the idea had come to me that she might like a little sunbathing. Everyone likes a good tan. And just to make sure she didn't change her mind, I planned to leave her bound in a ball. Her ankle bondage was changed to crossed ankles and rope was added from her knees and around her upper body so she couldn't unfold. Then I tied her ankle ropes up to her wrist ropes and knotted everything down firmly. Then I pulled the towel out from under her.

I think Monique enjoyed the sunbathing. I know I did. I watched her from the cool den, sipping ice tea and planning diabolical new bondage to put her in later. Every once in a while she wiggled about a bit or turned over (a laborious, difficult job for a girl bound in a ball), but I didn't hear any complaints. When I untied her (well, at least her legs) and brought her in the house after fifteen minutes, she swore that she had been outside for at least an hour. Strange how your mind plays tricks on you when you're sunbathing.



COUNTRY GIRL

Did you live on a farm? And was there the cutest little girl living on the next farm over? You know the kind, with pigtails and freckles all over her face. And did you ever wonder what she looks like all grown up? Well, here's one who grew up (and out).

Danielle lived on a farm in Iowa until one day when she noticed that it was hard to find blouses that fit so she moved to the big city to make her fortune as a bondage model. Well, that may not be the exact truth, but it's close. I don't know if living on a farm gives a girl opportunities to try being in bondage, but somewhere Danielle picked up a love of being tied up. Maybe some of the farm boys practiced their hogtying on her or maybe she

just always naturally felt comfortable with ropes wrapped around her body. Either way, today she knows she loves being in bondage and jumped at the chance to model for me and you.

On the following pages you'll see Danielle in a variety of bondage positions, ranging from just her hands crossed and tied behind her back to a pretty damned tight hogtie with half inch nylon rope. And through them all she kept asking for more. She actually did! I guess she didn't have too much experience in bondage before meeting up with the Savage, and she was delighted to find out there were so many ways she could be tied. She kept trying on bondage positions like new clothes at a shop.







She had some favorites. Like that hogtie where her elbows were bound touching before she ever got on her stomach, and the rope from her ankles to her elbow bondage is what is keeping her legs folded over and the whole hogtie good and tight. That she liked. She also liked being tied in a small ball for the same reason – she felt so helpless.

Actually, she seemed to like all of them. Maybe a little less on the one where her breasts are tied like mountainous twin balloons. But she liked being tied and, so long as she couldn't escape from the ropes, she liked most any position.

I did a lot of the bondage on her using half inch nylon rope because it seemed to go well on her. Since Danielle is above average in size, the larger rope looks more in proportion than the smaller rope would have. Plus, she liked the ropes pretty tight and the larger rope cut in less.

I enjoyed working with Danielle very much and look forward to using her again.

















BLAST FROM THE PAST

CAROL AND SIMPLE BONDAGE

This issue's "Blast from the Past" doesn't go back quite as far as the usual ones. As you will recall, the purpose of this series of articles is to give today's readers a chance to see some of the bondage photos that I shot during the early seventies for a series of magazines I was editing then. I've gotten letters from people who remembered seeing these photos in the original magazines (now long out of date and damned near collector's items), but more letters from readers who weren't buying bondage magazines back then or missed them and are glad to now see them.

This series of photos was taken in 1976 and the model is Carol Gates. I picked these photos because of a comment made to me a few days back. The comment was to the effect that the Savage has never tied a girl in any simple position. Well, it is true that I like complex bondage with massive amounts of rope, but I do sometimes tie a girl with just a little rope and sometimes even give her a fair amount of freedom to move about. Sometimes. It also sometimes snows in Southern California.

When I was looking through my cardboard box of old negatives, and found these, I thought they would be perfect. This set will also be for those who like their girls dressed in "conventional" clothes instead of garter belt, high heels and nylons.

These were taken one early spring afternoon in that long-ago year while Savage was up to some of his usual games. Carol had wondered out loud why she was always being tied in complete immobility, with large amounts of rope, and with no chance of escape. She hinted that, if I were to only tie her in a reasonable amount of rope, she could easily free herself. Well, you can imagine my reaction. Before she could count to ten, she was standing there, arms bound behind her back, and a grin on her face.



Here are two of the rarest of the rare films featuring Betty Page as captured and photographed by the late great Irving Klaw. Due to the authenticity of these films they are available in black and white only.

running time 60 minutes

Two thieves burglarize a wealthy man's house but find the wife, sister and domestic help at home. When the jewels cannot be found, but a specially furnished room is discovered, the thieves take out their anger on the two ladies. The two ladies are bound, gagged and severely beaten until they reveal the whereabouts of the jewels. In the end, however, the thieves obtain a reward that is infinitely more precious than the jewels.

running time 60 minutes
also available on PAL Format.

The Taskmaster trains his slave girl by means of spanking and paddling. He then invites the Dutchess von Stern to sample his slave. Dutchess flogs, binds and humiliates the slave girl. Dutchess is not impressed with the slave girl and informs the Taskmaster. The Taskmaster is enraged, his slave girl is further punished by the Taskmaster for not meeting up to the Dutchess's standards.

running time 30 minutes
also available on PAL Format.

Cynthia is a girl who has dreams of being bound and gagged and subject to Sado-masochistic treatment. Due to her dream Cynthia seeks out the care of a psychiatrist who turns out to be a master of SM. This film shot in part on location in London.

running time 60 minutes
also available on PAL Format.

Vicki is a girl in search of her strongest beliefs. The search for Vicki is long and painful. But it is worth it when she finds a naked man at the receiving end paying homage to her. See how Vicki becomes a dominatrix in "I Want To Be A Mistress".

running time 60 minutes

While searching for his brother, Mack Slammer scours in the NYC Bizarre Underground. The consequences of his adventure include torture, humiliation, and an encounter with Mistress Supreme. Mack finally is able to locate his brother and together they are subject to the trails and tribulations that can only be inflicted by a Mistress that is well versed on the "ins and outs" of true domination.

running time 60 minutes

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I'm sure she figured it would be easy to wiggle out of rope that bound only her arms and was big nylon rope to boot! We agreed on a fifteen minute time limit, the limitation that she had to free herself and not go get a knife, and a prize if she should succeed. Also on a penalty if she should fail.

She didn't succeed. Although the bondage look simply incorporates a couple of the basic principles of escape-proof bondage, namely cinch ropes and keeping the knots out of reach of the fingers. I began by tying her wrists together with the insides of the wrists touching each other. Then I wrapped a couple of loops of rope between her arms and around the wrist ropes, cinching them down firmly. Then I took the rope up to her right elbow and looped it around her arm just above the elbow. I wrapped eight or nine loops around both arms above the elbows, then began wrapping the rope



around those loops, cinching the middle of the loops together. I wrapped around her elbow ropes until there were two layers of cinch wrappings and the rope was at its end. Then I tied a square knot and turned her loose.

Carol wiggled and struggled and pulled and tugged but couldn't work her arms out. She grew more and more frustrated. I sat back, snapping an occasional photo of her struggles and enjoying the show.

After her fifteen minutes were up, she admitted that maybe the key to escape-proof bondage was not just in the amount of rope used. She also never said anything about easy escapes again.

And her penalty? Notice the last photo where she's standing with her back to the camera. There's a reason why she's holding her bottom with both hands.





BONDAGE TECHNIQUES

THE SHOULDER HARNESS

One of the bondage positions that I often get asked how to tie is that type where the girl's wrists are tied up on her back to a harness of rope wrapped around her shoulders. This harness of rope provides a solid framework on which to tie the hands to or towards when you want to have them pulled up on the back. An alternative would be to use a collar or rope around the neck to pull the hands up to, but I don't recommend that. A leather collar might be used for short periods, but the weight of the hands would eventually bring a great deal of strain on the neck and be, at least, uncomfortable. *And you never tie ropes around the neck!* You're a damned fool if you do.

Illustration #1 shows the shoulder harness used to hold the hands a little ways up the back, just far enough in this case so that they are higher than the elbows. This is just one of the types of bondage that can be tied starting with the shoulder harness. So let's see how you make a shoulder harness.



Illustration #2 shows the first loop. As with all my ropes, there is a small loop tied in one end. I use that small loop to make a larger loop that passes from the back of the neck, over the left shoulder, down under the left armpit, across the back, under the right arm, and up over the right shoulder. Pull that first loop down until it is fairly tight but not cutting into the flesh. Later ropes and the pressure of the hands will tighten these loops considerably. You then wrap the rope around this same loop path until you have enough rope to take the strain and not cut in too much. In our case, four loops. See Illustration #3.

After the basic loops are complete, tie a small knot at the top and wrap three or four turns between the top and bottom of the large loop. Make the first of these cinch loops tight enough to bring the top and bottom of the large loops towards each other. Bring the rope off the bottom of the big loop and start wrapping it around the cinch loops you just created. See Illustration #4.



Illustration #1



Illustration #3



Illustration #4

If you have planned it carefully, you should come to the end of your rope just as you finish enough wrappings of the cinch loops to completely cover them. Don't worry if these wrappings run up and down more than once. That is the way to take up the excess rope. When you get near the end, you make sure the rope comes up to the top of the large loops and you tie it off with a couple or three tight knots. See Illustration #5.

That completes the shoulder harness. This now provides a basis for other bondage, usually the hands tied up to the harness in the back. Let's go ahead and finish the girl's bondage to create what you saw in Illustration #1. Tie the wrists together after placing the arms horizontally with the wrists touching. Wrap at least half a dozen turns around the wrists, then cinch them down with another two or three turns. Pass the free end of the rope up to the shoulder harness and over the center cinch ropes. See Illustration #6.



Illustration #5

Run the rope back down to the wrists, around them and back up to the shoulder harness. Do this several times to provide the main support for the hands. Pull the first pass as tight as you want to position the hands as high on the back as you want. The level shown here (Illustration #7) is comfortable for most girls. Higher will bring more discomfort and a greater possibility of circulation problems in the hands. Lower will be even more comfortable, but I suggest you don't position the hands any lower than the level of the elbows. Lower than the

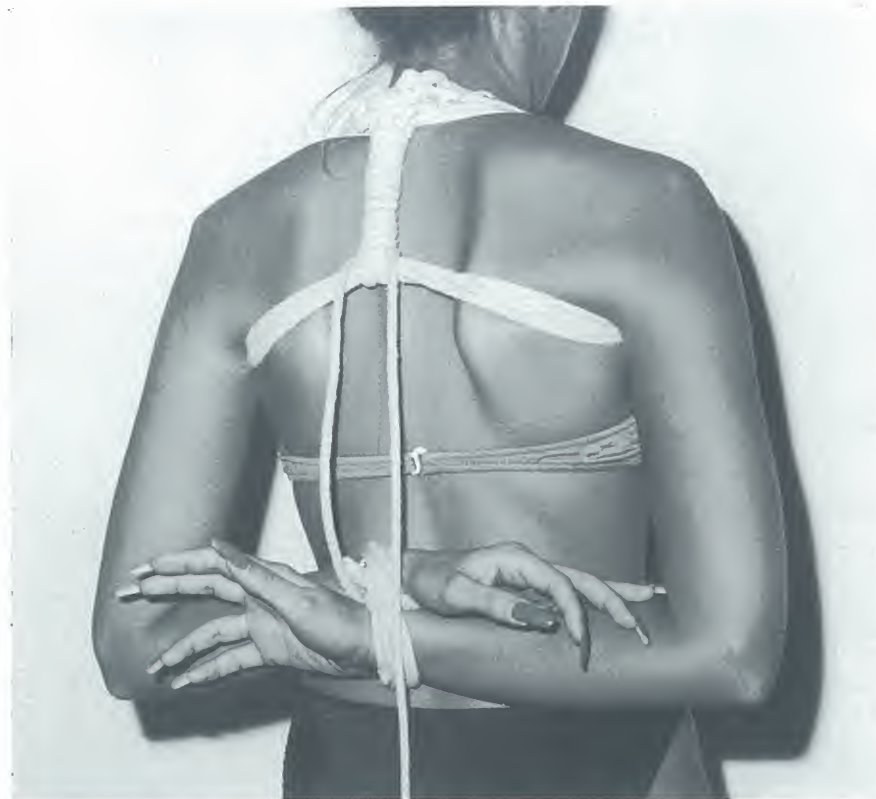


Illustration #6

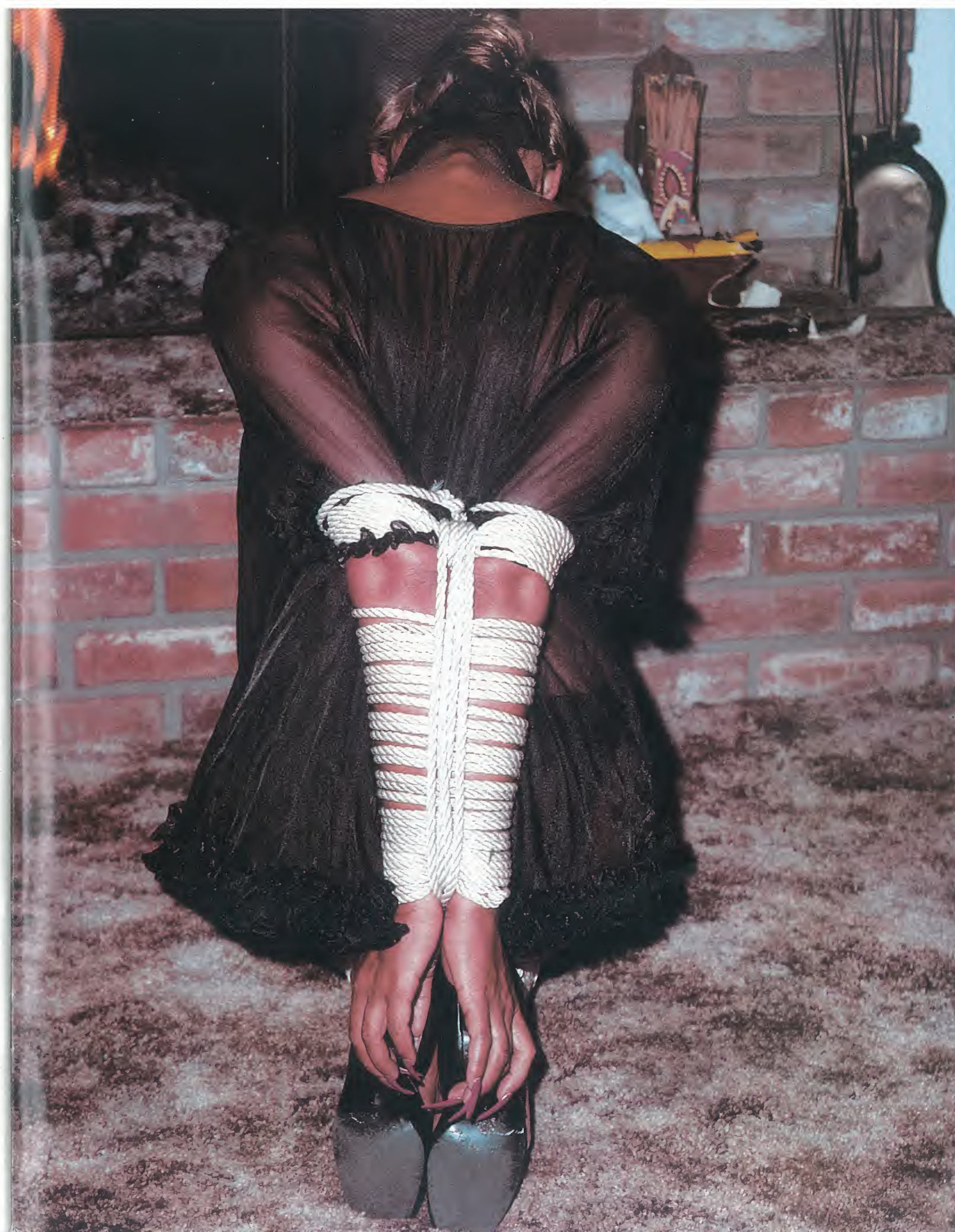


Illustration #7

elbows and you don't really need the shoulder harness, you can just tie her hands behind her.

After the loops between the wrists and the shoulder harness are finished, start wrapping the rope around these loops. Plan your wrappings so that the end of the rope comes at the bottom of

the shoulder harness. Then tie the final knots to the bottom of the shoulder harness. Or tie one or two knots there and run the rope up to the top of the shoulder harness and tie the final knots there. Either place should be far out of the reach of the fingers. See Illustration #7.



You now have the girl with her arms out of the way and secured. I haven't run into a girl who could get out of this tie if it was tied properly. If you think she is a good escape artist and have agreed that she should try to escape, you can take precautions like tying the final knots at the top of the shoulder harness and pulling her hands up as high as her anatomy permits to maximize the tightness of the whole bondage.

With the hands tied like this, I like to add a little rope across the front of the body. It keeps the elbows from flapping in the breeze and makes the whole bondage look and feel tighter and more secure. Just make some loops around each arm above the elbow and across the body. Wrap some cinch ropes around these loops next to the elbows and tie the final knot in the front where there is no chance of fingers finding it. See Illustrations 8 to 10.

Add some rope on the legs, a gag and a blindfold, and you have a pretty, secure yet comfortable bondage position. See Illustrations 11 and 12.

There are variations involving the placement of the hands. I've also seen a shoulder harness used not only to hold the hands up on the back, but to tie the shoulders to the knees in front for a very tightly folded girl. Have fun experimenting.



Illustration #8



Illustration #10



Illustration #9



Illustration #11



Illustration #12

